

The Academy Herald

Published in the Interests of Gould's Academy

Vol. XXVII Bethel, Maine, April, 1923 No. 2

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The Academy Herald

VOL. XXVII

BETHEL, MAINE, APRIL, 1923

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THE ACADEMY HERALD

Devoted to the interests of
GOULD'S ACADEMY

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We are now witnessing a new burst of life in the budding trees, the running brooks,—everything is bursting from its cage of snow and ice. The birds are arriving, and are busy preparing for the coming year, for which they have high hopes and expectations.

Are not we who are about to leave Gould's, also filled with hopes and expectations in the beginning of a new life? Are these visions worthy of us? Are they the right sort of visions; or are we just thinking of our own selfish interests, rather than what we can do for mankind?

Let us stop a moment, and think about these things. Gould's and all other educational institutions exist that men and women may be better prepared to serve humanity. Gould's has done her best for us, and now as we enter upon a new and broader path of life,

let us go forth to serve with the high hopes and expectations portrayed by the springtime.

—o—

I believe the reason why more and better work is not done in classes is summed up in the word, "Procrastination." A written paper is assigned, to be passed in three days later. "Oh plenty of time, no need to hurry." But somehow when the time comes, the paper is not done, or perhaps it is hurriedly scribbled off at the last moment. The paper thus written receives a "Passable," "Fair," or possibly a "Good" mark. If time and thought had been spent upon this work, the mark could easily have been higher.

The pupil who hastily scans his oral assignments at recess or between classes, may make a creditable recitation. But he cannot remember these facts for examinations. The pupil who does his best work must promptly and thoroughly prepare each lesson assigned.

—o—

"The elevator to success is not running—take the stairs."

Did you ever know of a person who wanted to accomplish some great purpose, and who had resolved to do so, until he found how much persistent effort it required?

As children we thought of something that we would like to do when we grew up, but to do it, we had to wait, grow, and learn. Were it possible to take the elevator and have an easy ride from one good landing to another, what a won-

derful time some people would have in this old world!

Experience and work are the stairs to practically all heights of success. Wouldn't we better try the stairs, though we must begin at the bottom several times, and finally arrive at the top to stay, rather than wait for the elevator, and in the end, have to depend on the stairs for our ascent?

A NEW HEALTH PROGRAM INTRODUCED AT GOULD'S.

There seems to be no limit to the splendid opportunities afforded the students of Gould's Academy through the generosity of William Bingham 2nd.

Since the completion of the William Bingham Gymnasium in the fall of 1921 regular exercises in physical training have formed an important part of the school curriculum. During the past few weeks a step has been taken which will make the physical education course even more effective. Plans have been formulated, whereby free physical examinations will be given each pupil at stated intervals throughout the school year. In order that this work might be undertaken in accordance with the most highly approved methods, Principal Hanscom, at the suggestion of one of the foremost national leaders in health education, and upon the advice of the trustees of the Academy, recently visited the schools of Newtonville, Mass., where a system of health training, said to be the best in the United States, is in progress. Principal Hanscom obtained from the directors of the work in Newtonville much valuable information, which he is using towards the establishment of a system of health edu-

cation at Gould's that shall warrant to her young people a thoroughly beneficial course in health keeping and health building.

The cooperation of the local physicians has been secured, and the work of examining the pupils has already begun.

The modern aim of medicine to prevent disease rather than wait for it to declare itself is encouraging. The old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," has been applied to almost every thing except health. The modern effort to prevent disease began with the medical profession, and the greatest work of the doctor, if he is given the opportunity, is to teach people how to keep well. The greatest responsibility for health rests

with the individual, who should form the habit of going to his physician for a clean health record just as he goes to his dentist, periodically, to ascertain the condition of his teeth.

It is with the hope of assisting in the formation of health keeping habits that these physical examinations are given. Advice as to exercises and treatment necessary to correct any deficiencies will be given and these suggestions will be followed up by the directors of physical training in the school. Accurate records of the health standing of each student will be kept on file. With the cooperation of the students themselves and that of their parents, the physical education department at Gould's should be of life-long benefit to each pupil.



TRY AGAIN.

Though your history lesson's long,
And your English lesson hard,
And your spelling words are troublesomely
queer;

Though your friends are bright and witty,
And they look on you with pity
'Cause you're dull, and 'cause
Your brain is far from clear;
Don't sit back and get down-hearted,
Get to work, and you'll get started
Right away to feeling good.
And if at first you don't succeed,
Don't fall to the sluggards creed;
You must try, and try, and try, and try
again.

After you have tried, and tried,
Tried and tried, and tried again,
You will get to feeling smarter;
All you needed for a starter
Was that little try, and try, and try again.
E. M. S. '23.

JOHN KNIGHT, ESQUIRE.

John Knight worked for the Fidelity Life Insurance Company. He was a hustler and a splendid advertisement for the company, not only because of the amount of work he accomplished and because his work was always done promptly, but because of his personal appearance. He was a large-framed

man, well-proportioned, and romantically good looking. His hair was chestnut brown, with beautiful waves in it, and his eyes were brown. As the barometer forecasts weather, so Mr. Knight's eyes forecasted his disposition. Though he was naturally jolly and full of fun, when his eyes clouded and the color softened one might know he felt sad. Should his eyes twinkle and sparkle, one could expect he was the victim selected for a joke. But when Mr. Knight's eyes turned to a black-brown and all the sparkle, twinkle expression, response, and glow were absent one might expect anything to happen,—the worst would not be bad enough. Now the offense which caused John Knight's eyes to have this barren, black-brown cast, was that unfortunate habit, tardiness. Mr. Knight never indulged in it. In that light, can we expect him to tolerate it of other people? No, he could not sympathize.

For nearly a week everything had been working in perfect order in the office of the Fidelity Life Insurance Company. In Mr. Knight's office the trouble began. Miss Barnard, Mr. Knight's private secretary, came in Friday morning fifteen minutes late. She had lost the car she usually took. When the car came to the draw-bridge, it was up to let a boat pass through. The boat was later than usual. It kept the car back and made the secretary late for the office. As she was the offender Mr. Knight only smiled and said that she had better not let it occur again, because soon it would become a habit, and such habits were not for the good of the company. He left the office about 9.30 to meet Mr. Snow, a business man, at the Hotel Vendome. That gentleman came puffing up to the hotel, just twenty minutes late. Mr. Knight began to feel disagreeable. However,

he merely said to Mr. Snow, "Your time is not as valuable as mine. I should be an unsuccessful business man if that was my custom." His business finished with Mr. Snow, he went back to the office. The secretary had done about one-third of the work Mr. Knight had assigned because Miss Blake, the stenographer, arrived late. Just after she began to typewrite, the machine broke. She telephoned for the repair man. He didn't arrive until eleven o'clock. There were several business calls. Mr. Holt and Mr. Rogers called about every fifteen minutes to know if Mr. Knight had returned. So her work was not completed. Had it been anyone else Mr. Knight would have given vent to his white hot anger. But he just explained the importance of punctuality, saying that of one thing he could boast, he was always on time.

Just then the telephone rang.

"Answer that, Miss Barnard, please."

"Hello.—Yes. Just a minute, please. Mr. Berkely wishes to talk with you."

"Hello. Oh yes, Berkely, I will. Right off? Well, twenty minutes will be better. All right."

He slammed down the receiver and grasping for his hat on the hook he said, "I am going to meet Berkely in twenty minutes at the Rotary Club. If anyone wants me, I'll be there. Good-bye." And he went out, closing the door with a bang.

Outside the building there was a street car. He ran for it and just missed it. He walked back to the curb with a dismayed look. In about five minutes another Subway car came. He boarded it. Just as it got in to Union Square a Cross-Town Car started to pull out. The ride for Union Square took about twelve minutes usually and he had already been sixteen. He just caught the car. As it left the subway it just poked

along in an exasperating manner for fully five minutes. Then the car went by spurts. As the morning wore on, Knight's rage increased. It had taken him twenty seven minutes to get to Billings Road. He ran up the street to the Club House. Just as he reached the flight of twenty-five steps he saw Mr. Berkely waiting on the piazza, smiling at him. He climbed twenty steps with boyish bounds. Then he could no longer stand his friend's attitude. He stumbled up two steps, panting audibly. Just as he stepped on the twenty-fifth step, he found no place on which to put his foot. Down he fell, rolling over and over.

"Goodness," he ejaculated, "how did that happen!" He breathed hard and fast. "I guess I was dreaming so hard I fell out of bed. I must hurry or I shall be late for the Club after all."

A. L. C. '23.

A PILGRIM'S AWAKENING.

At last, after a "night" of refreshing sleep, I awoke. My surprise and bewilderment knew no bounds when I found that I was in a far different place than I was when I retired. Instead of being in the left of my log cabin, I was in a light, airy chamber in a house of immense dimensions. I awoke in a new era, one much further advanced than that in which I had retired.

I had just finished putting on my homespun clothes, when, to my utter surprise, someone knocked at my door. It was a man attired in very fine clothes made into a sort of uniform. He was the valet, as I found later.

He casually informed me that I was looking well for one who had slept so long. It appears that on the day before I began my "siesta," I had partaken of a certain herb which caused dreamless

and swift passing sleep for one hundred fifty years. There was a studious doctor in our colony, who, at the beginning of my sleep, diagnosed my case, after long study. He showed my family how to forcibly feed me so that I would not perish while taking my nap.

Thus the time passed, the fortune of my family increasing all the while. They all fed me regularly and ascertained whether I was living or not, by calling in doctors to examine me. One of these watched the progress of my case, and after a while, correctly predicted the date of my awakening.

So it was that my revival was expected.

I awaited breakfast, but instead of hominy and corn meal mush, I received an orange, some bacon and an egg, finishing with a cup of coffee and a doughnut. At first I could not eat, because of my astonishment at my surroundings. But gradually, this wore off and I thoroughly enjoyed my breakfast.

After breakfast a young man, whom I learned was my great-great-great-great-great-grandson, asked me if I desired to visit the points of interest about the city. I replied in the affirmative and off we started, delaying only long enough for me to change my clothing for some, more in keeping with the fashions of the times. For a while I did not know whether to pray for help or to offer thanks for my joy. Finally, becoming accustomed to the extreme speed of the automobile (we were going twenty-five per.) I sat back to enjoy and marvel at the wonderful structures whizzing past us.

One of the first things that attracted my attention was a machine, made of metal and going along two rails, with a long arm running upon a wire overhead. This was an electric car. I was tempted to jump from our automobile

and flee, but my grandson explained that the electric car was entirely under the control of the driver.

Thus the morning passed and I became acquainted with many strange machines. At midday we had luncheon. I was again served with victuals new to me.

In the afternoon I attended an "auto show." I was amazed to see the variety of cars displayed there. What sums of money were represented there!

After dinner my grandson tuned in his "radio," and I enjoyed to the full a splendid program, until time to retire. Imagine my surprise when I heard the voice of the announcer speaking through the horn. Indeed, the radio is a marvelous invention, still in the experimental stage, but destined to become one of man's greatest blessings.

With reflections of what I had seen, I retired, content with my new lot, regretting only that my former contemporary frontiersman could not enjoy these wonders of the present decade.

R. E. D. '23.

JIMMY RETURNS HOME.

It was Christmas eve. The snow was falling lightly as the British steamer, Calcutta, entered the harbor of Portland and docked quietly at the Grand Trunk wharf. Rough seas combined with engine trouble had delayed the arrival of the Calcutta, and consequently she had arrived at her destination forty-eight hours behind her scheduled time. To the hardened British tars the rough voyage had been all in the day's work, and they viewed her arrival on American shores with little or no concern.

But there was one to whom this long awaited moment meant much. As soon as he could obtain formal leave from

the ship's captain, Jimmy Reynolds started on a "bee line" for the gang plank, nearly upsetting, in his haste, three innocent by-standers who happened to be in the way. With a brief apology flung over his shoulder, Jimmy continued on his reckless course, each stride bringing him six feet nearer land. American soil, and Freedom. A thrill shot through him as his feet touched solid ground, and, throwing his cap high into the air, he let out a yell that startled everyone within the radius of a quarter mile, Jimmy Reynolds was home.

How familiar it all looked. The same old town that he had left, but two years ago, in his search of adventure. He had left home, a mere youth just out of High school, and he returned,—a strong, clean cut chap of twenty one years; he had sought adventure and he had received experience. It had not been long before the glamor of the sailor's life had worn off, and Jimmy had longed for home. But home would be different now for his mother had passed away, and his father would be off on his fishing schooner, the "Nancy Briggs." But after all, it was his old home town and it "sure seemed great" to get back.

The streets were filled with the holiday crowd, theatre goers, shoppers, etc. Jimmy paused for a moment at Monument Square, watching the passing traffic in the hope of recognizing some of his old friends. As he stood there, his attention was attracted to a man who had just alighted from an incoming car and was hurrying desperately to catch another, which had stopped a short distance up the street. He reached it just as it began to move, and in getting on, his foot slipped and he fell headlong, but regaining his feet he soon caught up with the car which had slow-

ed down for him. Jimmy saw all this and he also saw something else—a thick bill-fold which must have slipped from the man's pocket as he fell. A hurried examination of the find showed that it contained several large bills, but nothing that would indicate to whom it belonged.

Jimmy's mind worked quickly. Hailing a passing taxi, he told the driver to follow the street car, which was now nearly out of sight. The traffic was so thick that they did not catch up with the car until it had reached Union Station. A hurried examination of the passengers within showed Jimmy that his man was not there. Had he lost him? Perhaps the man was inside the station. He would look. As he entered, a man stepped up to the ticket window, called for a ticket and then began a hurried search of his pockets. Jimmy smiled, and walking up touched the man on the shoulder, holding out the bill fold as he did so. The man whirled and Jimmy recognized his father.

"Dad!"

"Jim!"

"Well of all the luck, I least expected to see you here. I thought you were sailing the Nancy Briggs."

"The Nancy Briggs is no more, my boy," said Captain Reynolds as he gripped Jimmy affectionately about the shoulders.

"She went down about three weeks ago, during that big storm. This, pointing to the bill fold, is the insurance money on her. I am now on my way to Boston to take over my new ship, the Evelyn Dalton. I see you recognize the name. Yes, Evelyn is still living in Boston, as pretty as ever, and what's more, she's still single. She has inquired for you many times and maybe she won't be crazy to see you. Come

on lad, it's Boston for us."

And then as the train drew out, Captain Reynolds said, "There's the position of mate waiting for you on the new boat, son. It's yours for the taking. From that far-away look in your eyes I can guess we'll have to change the old boat's name from Evelyn Dalton to Evelyn Reynolds. Am I right? Thought so. Tomorrow, my boy, is Christmas. We'll find Evelyn and what a celebration we'll have."

L. E. M. '23.

THE GHOST.

About the first of November, when the first snows settle down on the ever-green forests of our Northern States, the office man who spends his boyhood in the country, or who loves to get away from the city, packs his rifle and hits the trail for the hunting country, where he has been successful in past years.

Such had been the experiences of Howard Banks, and on November the fourth he left the noisy city behind, and with keen desire to follow once more the winding trail of the elusive buck, started for Patten, Maine.

When he arrived at his camp, which was twelve miles northeast of the village, he found a host of other hunters gathered around the camp-fire, swapping stories of the big ones they had brought down and the larger ones that had escaped. It seemed that for a number of years the hunters from this camp had been fooled by a certain deer which, for the reason that he was partly albino, was called the "Ghost." The previous season a number of different men had fired at this strange animal and, although they carried powerful medicine for most any occasion, the deer always got away.

When Banks had listened to the story he thought to himself that if the salesman from whom he bought his rifle was anything but a liar, no deer, or in fact any other animal to be met in the North Woods, could possibly withstand the shock which it could deliver. After enjoying his pipe and the interesting stories of the evening, Banks retired, eager for a chance to bring down the "Ghost."

Sitting on a large fallen cedar tree, thinking of what he would do if the animal should suddenly come into sight, he presently heard the snapping of twigs, and, jumping quickly to his feet, brought his gun into line with the noise. Standing broadside and perfectly still at about fifty yards distance, was the long sought "Ghost." His massive antlers glittered in the warm morning sun and his glossy hair, which was partly white, made him appear unlike any other animal Banks had ever before seen.

Instantly he drew his gun in line with the deer's shoulder and fired. At the crack of his rifle Bank's right hand threw another cartridge into the rifle chamber. Another bullet tore its way in the direction of the deer. But to the surprise of the excited hunter the "Ghost" remained standing in his tracks and looking directly at him, as if to say: "Fine shooting young fellow." In a few seconds Banks was without ammunition, and as the deer remained in the same position he was wholly at sea, with nothing but an empty rifle and a hunting knife, with which to finish the "Ghost." But as Banks was a man of courage and good physical strength he decided to attack the animal with the knife. Clutching the ebony handle in his right hand and with his empty rifle in his left, he charged his adversary.

The next moment Banks awoke with a heavy fall and was just climbing back into his bunk, cold and cursing the "buck fever," when the camp cook opened the door and shouted: "Le dejeuner est servi."

R. H. B. '23.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

I keep the public school,
Or rather, help to keep it,
And daily there is sent us there,
Of boys and girls, an even seven hundred.
They say they pay me gold
To teach these boys and girls
To read and write,
And figure rates of interest.
Their fathers seem content to have it so.
They come from homes whose main ambition is
To hold a well-paid job — to get ahead —
To give as little as will meet the bill,
For that's good business.
And so they come to school
For their three R's, just the essentials,
They have no time for frills.
May God forbid that I should spend my life
for this!

But rather may I give them that
Which money cannot buy nor recompense:
To serve their fellowmen,
With courtesy their lives to rule,
To draw the line between the false and true,
To hunger and to strive for better things,
To know their God, and find
Deep joy in sacrifice.
Because of me
May grow into bigger men,
Stalwart among their fellows,
Upstanding for the common good;
Citizens who mean to make their city clean
In government, with clean broad streets,
A better place in which to live,
And build their homes,
And raise their children.
When I confront this sacred task
I bow my head and pray for strength

To meet my opportunity
 If I can do all this that lies upon my heart,
 I'll take my pay for teaching cubic root,
 Without regret, and think I've earned it.

Selected.—

The Senior Normal girls have completed their training in the village schools, but they will continue their observation and practice work in the rural schools this spring.

Seven students will be graduated from the course in June, and each one is anticipating with much pleasure her "first day of school." Some members of the class will attend Summer School.

THE KIND OF A TEACHER I WOULD LIKE TO BE.

It was a hot midsummer's day that I strolled along a country road, picking flowers by the way. Soon I came to a small school house. Being very tired, I decided to go in and rest, and incidentally to visit. Putting my thoughts into action, I went up to the door and knocked. A very neatly dressed and altogether pleasing young teacher greeted me at the door and invited me in. Upon entering, I noticed that the room had a cheerful and attractive appearance. On the walls were hung well chosen pictures, while the blackboards were decorated with a calendar and borders, appropriate to the season. An atmosphere of good will pervaded the room. The recitations were not boresome, but on the contrary were very interesting, and seemed to be enjoyed by both teacher and pupils.

At recess time the teacher helped the pupils in deciding upon a game to play that all could share in, and then she watched to see if it were fairly played.

As soon as recess was over the children were in their seats again and at work. After school the children went to the teacher offering to erase the blackboards, to clean the erasers and to do various other chores.

Such was the harmony and cooperation of this little teacher and her pupils that her personality seemed to reflect upon the souls of the children. She gave her best to them, and they in turn, gave their best to her.

As I bade the teacher good-night, and complimented her on her school, I thought to myself, "I would that I might be like her."

E. A. H. '23.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

The girls in the senior class of Household Arts, have been learning many interesting things this year. We have studied textiles, learning the different weaves and distinguishing different fibers and their adulterations. We made a sample book of materials which shows weaves, comparative prices and general characteristics which influence use. This will be especially helpful in judging the quality of a material and its adaptability to our need.

Each girl in the class is serving a series of meals which might be used in her own home. Some interesting demonstrations have been presented and these will be continued during a part of the spring term.

In sewing, one girl is making herself a coat, another a suit. We shall each make a dress and hat. The last few lessons have been on the simple embroidery stitches, so popular now, and their application.

C. F. '23.

WHAT CAN HOUSEHOLD ARTS GIRLS DO?

What can a girl do to earn her living after graduating from the Household Arts course? This is the question many girls ask when the course is suggested to them. They will say, "If I take the Normal course, I may teach." Yes, but the girl who takes this course is fitted for as paying a position as the grade teacher is.

The household arts girl might have a candy, delicatessen or dressmaking shop as her own special enterprise. If she be a housekeeper who likes to experiment, she may add to her income by sending household items and helpful hints to the newspapers and magazines. For the girl who especially enjoys the science of foods, there are many demands from lunch room and cafeteria management.

These are only a few of the many opportunities open to the girl who has had a course in Household Arts.

H. M. B. '23.

HON. JOHN M. PHILBROOK.

In the death of John M. Philbrook, which occurred at his home in Bethel, Jan. 24th., Gould's Academy has lost one of its oldest and most loyal friends. An honored alumnus of the school, a member of the Board of Trustees for more than a quarter of a century, and nearly all that time a member of its Executive Committee, he was actively interested in the welfare of the school, and gave generously, not only of his time, but of his financial means for its support. Gould's Academy is a better institution today because of his connection with it.

The following is from the Oxford County Citizen:

John M. Philbrook was born at Shelburne, New Hampshire, April 9th., 1840.

He came of a strong, stalwart race, large of mould, both mental and physical. As a boy he was a student in our own Gould's Academy, for which as a man he has cared so much, and whose interests he has served for many years as a member of its Board of Trustees.

Jan. 1st., 1862, he married Pauline Eames of Bethel and they made their home at the beautiful Eames homestead, until 1895 when they moved to their new house in the village.

A man of sterling integrity, of marked business ability, Mr. Philbrook has served in many capacities, and always well. In 1893 he represented the Bethel district in the legislature. In 1903 he was Senator from Oxford County. For six years he was a member of the Board of County Commissioners. For many years he has been President of Bethel Savings Bank, a position in which his financial acumen and sound judgment have been of utmost value. In the administration of its affairs, in the advancing and safe-guarding of its interests, he took a peculiar personal pride and pleasure. The same qualities which made for success in his own business were brought to bear with equal fidelity and persistence to all matters which the confidence of his fellows entrusted to his care.

He was not a man of many words, but his own words counted. He was not lavish of emotions, but they ran deep into the very fibres of his strong, self-sustained nature.

He was a faithful friend, a kindly sympathetic neighbor, a devoted husband and father. In his death there passes yet another of those strong characters, bred to habits of thrift and industry, to high ideals of public honor and private faith, the perpetuation of whose qualities alone ensures the permanence of what is of worth and value in our New England life.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"Little boys should be seen and not heard."
Madison Berry.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no
fibs."

Waldo Peaslee.

"Truth, simple truth, is written on her
face."

Bernice Haines.

"There's little of the melancholy element
in her."

Tressa Sidelinger.

"With grave aspect."

Edward Swan.

"Always do we find her the same,
Not too forward, not too tame."

Alfreda Wheeler.

"Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her
eye."

Ruth Hastings.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain."

Hugh Stearns.

"Gentle in speech, but absolute in rule."

Alice Chapman.

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

Elmer Stevens.

"Whatever anyone does or says, I must be
good."

Dorothy Haines.

"Always laugh when you can; It is a cheap
medicine and the sunny side of existence."

Hazel Sanborn.

"Love me little, love me long."

Elsie Flint.

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Ernest Holt.

"I have found you an argument, I am not
obliged to find you an understanding."

Freddie Philbrick.

"The ups and downs of life do not disturb
me."

Lyman Lane.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Ronald Stevens.

"She never spoke, acted, or thought but
in a manner worthy of praise."

Electa Chapin.

"A handful of common sense is worth a
bushel of learning."

Kenneth Grover.

"I am as sober as a judge."

Edwin Morrill.

"The wisest are not the noisiest."

Alice Linnell.

"The basis of her character was good sound
common sense."

Alberta Brooks.

"My thoughts are my own, a penny cannot
buy them."

Arnold Eames.

"I wonder if I'll be an old maid."

Minnola Blake.

"I know a little man as quiet as a mouse."
???

Rex Sessions.

"Better late than never."

Vera Fraser.

"My heart is as true as steel."

Guy Thurston.

"How pretty her blushing was, and how she blushed again."

Leita Brown.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care! Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!"

Grace Van.

"Quite free from care am I."

Marion Rand.

"A young maiden's heart is a rich soil."
Lena Pike.

"In simple manners all the secret lies:
If kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise."

Edward Chase.

"As for me, all I know is that I know nothing about it."

Donald Kidder.

"Careless is she with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

Addie Vail.

"Slow and steady wins the race."

Frank Howe.

"A hail fellow, well met."

Robley Chase.

"Bashfulness is an ornament of youth."

Robert Goddard.

"Always at his little harmless tricks."

Clayton Kendall.

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Mae Osborne.

"What I can do, can do no hurt to try."

Marion Skillings.

"Perhaps he'll grow."

Albert Verrill.

"You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for."

Irene Abbott.

"She speaks and behaves and acts just as she ought."

Marion Bean.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Franklin Burris.

"I will give to all a cheery word and smile."

Freeland Clark.

"To be merry best becomes you."

Florence Coburn.

"His heart was ever in his work."

Kenneth Stanley.

"A good little girl, indeed."

Betty Emery.

"He's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will strike."

Clarence Butterfield.

"I profess not talking, only this,—let every man do his best."

Hubert Stevens.

"She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind."

Hope Wheeler.

"He hath indeed a good outward happiness."

Edward O'Day.

"Look on the sunny side and make your dreams come true."

Thelma Bennett.

"Good things are done up in little bundles."

Evelyn Brinck.

"So much is a man worth as he esteems himself."

Franklin Kenniston.

"He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Carl Eagle.

"Better a three inch smile than a half-inch
frown."

Viola Grover.

"Why so many whys and wherefores?"

Ruth Holt.

"She reasoned without plodding long
And never gave her judgment wrong."

Barbara Davis.

"A stout girl, jolly and fair."

Geneva Grover.

"Cheerfulness is the heart of life."

Sylvia Grover.

"Speech is silver but silence is golden."

Raymond Harthorne.

"I'm here because I'm here."

Leo Stearns.

"A blue-eyed child with modest ways,
She's never spoiled a bit by praise."

Dorothy Hanscom.

"Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak."

Alberta Stearns.

"I will be the pattern of all patience, I
will say nothing."

Eugenia Haselton.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

George Schools.

"She is young, and of a noble, modest na-
ture."

Lynda Barnett.

"I am sure care is an enemy to life."

Carney Daniels.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Elizabeth Verrill.

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

Gerald York.

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet fold-
ed."

Pearl Samson.

"He bears an honorable mind."

Raymond Bennett.

"Smiling always, with a never fading se-
renity of countenance."

Dorothy Grover.

"A youth, light-hearted and content."

Garard Eames.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Copeland of New York, who has spent several months in China, recently gave an interesting talk to the school concerning that country. Miss Copeland was in Chinese costume, and had many Chinese curios with which to illustrate her talk.

The second of a series of community services was held in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Sunday evening, Feb. 18. Prof. E. C. Marriner, a well known educator of New England, was the speaker. His theme, "Turning Books into Life," was treated in a masterly manner. A solo by Mrs. Marshall Hastings was much enjoyed. The Academy teachers and students were privileged to hear Prof. Marriner a second time, when he gave a most practical and inspiring message to them at chapel on Monday morning.

The fifteen students, chosen by the faculty for excellence in declamation, presented the following program at the second Public Speaking held at the William Bingham Gymnasium, Friday afternoon, March 16.

Piano Solo,	Betty Emery
Maine,	Ella Hanscom
The Meaning of Americanism,	Ronald Stevens
The Painter of Seville,	Elsie Flint
In the Ninth Inning,	Richard Holmes
Vocal Duet, Misses Brooks and Burrowes	
Scum O' the Earth,	Elizabeth Mason
The Busybody,	Shirley Brooks
The Death of Benedict Arnold,	Willard Bean
Simon Grub's Dream,	Barbara Davis
Piano Duet,	
Misses Flint & Van Den Kerekhoven	
Fort Wagner,	Kenneth Stanley
Miss Debutante Learns to Swim,	Lelia Little
	Roy Davis
Hugh Wynne,	Genie Saunders
Betty,	Ellen Cottrell
Vocal Solo,	Lola Gaudette
As in a Looking Glass,	Warren Brown
Ideals of Democracy,	
Beethoven and The Blind Girl,	Faye Sanborn

On Friday evening, March 16, in Odeon Hall, the Senior Class presented the three-act drama, "The Colonel's Maid," to a crowded house. The parts were very well assigned, and the production was most enthusiastically received. One hundred and eleven dollars were turned into the class treasury, after all debts had been settled, making the affair a very great financial success.

Gould's will be represented this year at the Public Speaking Contests, held by the Maine colleges for pupils of the secondary schools of the State. Rodney Bartlett and Freddie Philbrick will go to Colby, and Rodney Linnell to Maine.

A man is worth only as much
As he is worth to his fellow-men.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Class parts have been assigned as follows:

Valedictory, Dorothy Goodnow; Salutatory, Roy Davis; Class Prophecy, Avis Cottrell; Address to Undergraduates, Lauris Tyler; Class History, Ella Hanscom; Class Oration, Rodney Bartlett; Presentation of Gifts to Class, Eunice Smith, Rodney Linnell; Class Will, Evans Wilson; Presentation of Class Gift, Maystelle Farris.

The valedictory and salutatory were assigned to the girl and boy, respectively, who had maintained the highest rank, while honor parts were also given to the two standing next in rank, viz., Miss Cottrell and Mr. Tyler. So close was the standing of these four students that there was a difference of less than one per cent between the highest and the lowest.

It is a fact worthy of note that out of a class of thirty one members, twelve have maintained an average rank above ninety per cent, while only five have an average below eighty per cent.

The names of those whose average was above ninety are as follows: Dorothy Goodnow, Avis Cottrell, Maystelle Farris, Alice Smith, Ella Hanscom, Hilda Brooks, Roy Davis, Lauris Tyler, Evans Wilson, Rodney Bartlett, Luther Morse, Rodney Linnell.

THE CLASS OF '23.

While speaking of classes
Of fine lads and lasses,
Just list to this bit of a rhyme.
We're gay, smart and clever
And are sure that you've never
Found such a class for some time.

We have many fine scholars,
 As bright as new dollars,
 That fill all our classes with pep;
 And athletes galore,
 Who pile a great score,
 And bring glory at every step.
 We've comedians too,
 Who, in all that they do,
 Leave on every face a bright grin;
 And musicians fine,
 That play in good time,
 Whose playing is not thought a sin.
 We have orators keen,
 Who are — I ween,
 As brilliant as you've ever heard.
 There are actors who act
 With talent; in fact
 Their acting's considered superb,
 We've actresses able
 Who, without costly sable
 Make appearances all do admire;
 And singers so gifted,
 Whose voices, when lifted,
 Equal only Timotheus' lyre.
 We've some quiet and noisy,
 Some brilliant, some slow.
 None lacking in wisdom or wit.
 When we've said our good-bye,
 Our fortunes to try,
 In most every station we'll fit.
 There've been Seniors before,
 And there yet will be more.
 But none like this class, as you see.
 So here's to our class,
 To each bright lad and lass,
 The class of 1-9-2-3.

D. B. G. '23.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

We are all glad to welcome Dorothy Haines back to school, after her long illness.

At the track meet held Saturday, March 17th., in the gymnasium, the Jun-

ior Class carried off the laurels, having representatives in every event except the pole-vaulting.

Desired Acquisitions in the Junior Class.

Donald Sweeney—Without a plaything.
 Peace—Between Freddie and Emeline.
 Elmer Stevens—Studying.
 Hugh Stearns—More lively.
 Elsie Flint—On Maine Street Without an Escort.

Junior Volumes and Their Authors.

"A Romance of Billy Goat Hill" Ruth Hastings
 "Keeping Up with Lizzie" Ruth Emery
 "Missing" Madison Berry
 "A Son of The Hills" Enoch Foster
 "Ladies Must Live" Marion Brooks
 "Red Pepper Burns" Charles Swan
 "Mrs. Red Pepper" Louise Shordon
 "How Could You, Jean"? Alfreda Wheeler

An Evening of Chautauqua.

Vocal Solo, "Gee, I Wish I Was Big" Lilla Morse
 Recitation, "Life of Wilson" Bessie Bean
 Lecture, School Loyalty, Taylor Clough
 Song, "Home (Holmes) Sweet Home" Hildred Keddy
 Debate, "Business Before Pleasure" Bernice Haines
 Affirmative, Edward Swan
 Negative, William Chapman
 Moving Picture, "Battle of Hastings" Superintendent's Lecture, "Proper Behaviour" Willard Bean
 Vocal Solo, "I'm Learning Something Everyday" Waldo Peaslee

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

We are very glad to welcome to our class Edward Weatherbee of Lincoln, Maine.

Ellen and Richard furnish much amusement for the rest of the school by their demonstration of class spirit.

The Sophomores are justly proud that their boys hold the inter-class basket ball championship. The girls also tied with the Juniors and Seniors.

Those earning their numerals are: Girls; Captain Hazel Sawyer, Ellen Cottrell, Addie Vail, Ruth Bearce, Ruth Holt and Leita Brown; Boys; Guy Thurston, Frank Howe, Cleo Brown, Richard Holmes, Ernest Mundt, Robert Goddard, Rex Sessions, and Donald Kidder.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

Doubtless the readers of the Herald are interested to know how the largest, and, destined to be, the wisest class of Gould's is progressing. Our baby days are over, but we are wondering, since observing the Seniors, if we may not reach a second babyhood.

We feel that we have thus far made a creditable showing in the various activities of the school. We have heard it whispered that we stand a chance of being represented on both boys and girls basketball teams next year. Here's hoping, but don't tell.

The class regrets that Freeland Clark has been obliged to leave school on account of a long and serious illness. We hope for his speedy recovery.

The following, rightly interpreted, will convey some of the characteristics of certain members of the class:—

- E. A. M.—Earnest, affectionate maid.
- C. O. D.—Cash on delivery.
- F. E. B.—Faithful, energetic boy.
- F. M. H.—Finds much happiness.

- E. K. S.—Ever keeps studious.
- F. L. S.—Famous Latin scholar.
- F. W. C.—Faithful, willing child.
- L. C. G.—Light, charming, graceful.
- R. C. C.—Rarely cuts classes.
- L. E. M.—Likes every maiden.
- L. L.—Loyal lad.
- E. O.—Ever obedient.
- G. Y.—Gentle youth.
- G. M. A.—Gives much affection.
- C. S. H.—Chiefly studies history.
- H. S.—Honor student.
- I. M. A.—Industrious, merry, amiable.
- R. G. H.—Rarely gets humorous.
- F. A. C.—Friendly and courteous.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES.

Bang! Bump! Biff! Oh, what's that? It's only some of the "Niggar Heavens," doing athletic stunts.

I'll tell you something—which isn't a secret—yet it's not universally known. One evening Avis Cottrell was entertaining a party of girls, when a great disturbance was heard next door, and upon investigation a discovery was made. Bernice was having a stunt party. To the great surprise of some of the girls, Genie was standing on her head. Louise immediately declared she could do the tooth-pick stunt. Someone in the room shouted, "Stand natural Louise." Hilda and Marion started playing "Satisfied," but this ended as usual, in a friendly sisterly spat. Maystelle appeared on the scene just then and betrayed such a great amount of strength that the girls scattered to their rooms to find refuge in their beds.

Would you like to know something else? Mr. Fossett can make good chocolate pie. Ask Mr. Brasier, he can tell you.

Oh! Have you seen our dormitory newspaper? Here's a sample copy of the latest issue.

—WANTED—

By Ella Hanscom—A water-proof bath-robe.

By Hazel Sawyer—A larger scoop by which to serve hash.

By Ellen Cottrell—A mouse exterminator.

By Linda Barnett—A shorter route to Rangeley.

By Avis Cottrell—Daylight at two A. M., and a pack of cards.

By Cleo Brown and Waldo Peaslee—A team of hot-dogs.

By several of the boys—A few more (?) musical instruments.

—FOUND—

The two best-natured girls in the Dom,—Elinor and Mae.

The girl with the gang—Colista Curtis.

—A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT—

The cake-plates have circumnavigated the table, and Freddie has put in an application for the mustard jar.

—LATEST NEWS—

Student government has been installed on the boys' side of the dormitory. Let's hope it works! The girls may have it if they wish, but they don't seem to wish.

To hustle when you want to,

And to hustle when you don't;

To say I can, I must, I will,

When you want to say I won't;

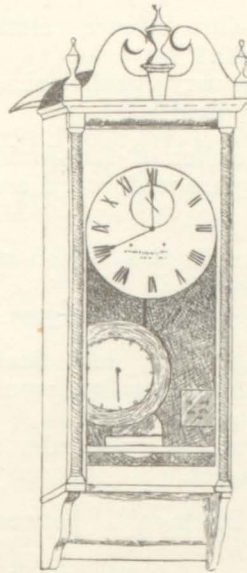
To push with all your might and main,

And stop with nothing less,

Will swing that heavy old gate wide,

That leads to true success.

—Selected.



*Under
The
School
Clock*

Kerchiefs.

“Absolutely!”

“Where’s Dorothy?”

“Them’s my rubbers.”

WANTED:—

To see McCann with a steady girl.

To see Sessions when he had not lost a book.

To see the Seniors put away childish things.

To see certain Senior and Junior boys on their own side of the room, occasionally, during the recess period.

A private mirror for the Junior trio, Ruth, Elsie and Hildred.

To see all articles of clothing removed from the girls dressing room. (Eunice, please note.)

Teacher:—“Can it be possible that you have gum in your mouth?”

Freshie:—“No’m. It’s confectionery.”

Mr. Brasier:—(in Science class)
 "What is an amoeba?"

Freshman:—"A very small animal
 that multiplies and divides."

Found, by a member of the Junior
 class, an oblong square with round cor-
 ners.

S. B.—(in Junior English) "Men are
 horrid things anyway."

W. B.—"That sounds discouraging."

Miss W - -:—(teaching denominate
 numbers) "What kind of weight would
 you use in weighing yourself?"

E. F.—"Troy weight." (wonder if
 Lauris wouldn't agree.)

Miss Park:—"Distinguish between
 loaned and lent."

Bright Senior:—"I don't know about
 loaned, but lent comes just before East-
 er."

Miss W - -:—(in Junior Normal)
 "What is the first, singular, present, in-
 dicative, passive of arose?"

M. B.—"I am arose."

Miss W - -:—"Let me see you be
 arose." (be a rose.)

Junior:—(asking for a broom and
 dustpan) "Give me that persuader and
 receptacle. I want to perform an act of
 cohesion with the stray molecules in my
 room."

Mr. F - - - t:—(discussing baseball)
 "If it is as warm today as it was tomor-
 row we can go up on the basket ball field
 to practice baseball."

Thou must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth would teach;
 Thy Soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's Soul would reach;
 It needs the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech.

Y. W. C. A.

Officers recently elected for the com-
 ing year are as follows:

President—Shirley Brooks.

Vice-Pres.—Genie Saunders.

Secretary—Ellen Cottrell.

Treasurer—Bernice Haines.

Chairman of Program Com.—Marion Brooks.

Chairman of Membership Com.—Grace Van
 Den Kerekhoven.

Chairman of Music Com.—Ruth Hastings.

Chairman of Social Com.—Olive Burrowes.

Chairman of Missionary Com.—Alfreda
 Wheeler.

Chairman of Service Com.—Hazel Sawyer.

The membership is the largest ever,
 and the majority of the girls are prov-
 ing faithful to the obligations to which
 they pledged themselves. Needless to
 say, the help that each girl gets from the
 Association is measured by what she
 puts into it, and, while there is much
 to be desired on the part of some of the
 members, yet there are many who are
 finding in the Y. W. a means of growth
 along spiritual, social and business lines.

Since the last issue of the Herald, we
 have adopted the name, Y. W. C. A. Girl
 Reserves of Gould's Academy. The
 term "Girl Reserves" indicates that de-
 partment of the National Young Wom-
 ens Christian Association which in-
 cludes girls of the preparatory school
 age.

On the morning of February twenty-
 second, the chapel exercises were given
 over to the Y. W. Ellen Cottrell acted
 as leader, assisted by several other mem-
 bers. A unique and impressive service
 conveying the old, though ever new, in-
 spiring thoughts found in the lives of
 Washington and Lincoln, was enjoyed
 by the entire school.

The entertainment, "The Creole Belles," given early in the term, was very successful. A pretty little legend formed a dignified back-ground to a lively minstrel show. Elizabeth Emery was charming as the hostess, entertaining a group of school girls, in a beautiful Southern mansion. Eunice Smith, Hilda Brooks, Addie Longley and Ellen Cottrell acted as end girls, who, assisted by a chorus of thirty girls, carried out a pleasing program of songs, dances, readings and jokes. Solos, duets, and quartets revealed some talent hitherto unrecognized.

The townspeople were, as usual, generous in their patronage, and a good sum was added to the Maqua fund.

Y. M. C. A.

The Winter Carnival, for which plans were started during the fall term, was held on Saturday, February seventeenth. Although it was one of the coldest days of the season, the spirit of real sportsmanship prevailed, and the various events of the forenoon and afternoon were successfully carried out.

At eight o'clock, in the William Bingham Gymnasium, the prizes were awarded by Principal F. E. Hanscom to the winners in the various contests. These announcements were followed by dancing and cards. Refreshments of ice cream, cake, and coffee were served by the young men. Mrs. E. C. Park, Mrs. F. E. Hanscom, Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhoven and Miss Ella Litchfield acted as patronesses for the evening.

The boys of the Y. M. C. A. wish to thank all those who, in any way, helped to make the carnival a success. They are especially grateful to the men who contributed money for the prizes and to the ladies who provided the delicious

cakes for the evening.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Ski-joring: Kidder and Jordan.

100 yd. snowshoe dash (boys)—F. Philbrick 1st., R. Holmes 2d.

100 yd. snowshoe dash (girls)—Hilda Brooks 1st., Elizabeth Mason 2d.

150 yd. ski dash (boys)—Holmes and Linnell tied.

100 yd. ski dash (girls)—Katherine Ramsell 1st., Elizabeth Mason 2d.

Boys snowshoe obstacle race—Arnold Kiely 1st., F. Philbrick 2d.

Girls snowshoe obstacle race—Marion Brooks 1st., Ruth Glines 2d.

Boys ski obstacle race—Rodney Linnell 1st., Guy Thurston 2d.

Long distance snowshoe race—Cleo Brown 1st., F. Philbrick 2d., C. Philbrook 3rd.

Long distance ski race—Junior George 1st., Walter Berry 2d., Cleo Brown 3rd.

Girls ski slide—Hilda Brooks 1st., Katherine Ramsell 2d.

Ski jump—Herman Robertson 1st., Rodney Linnell 2d., Edgar Cross 3rd.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Walter Inman, '22, is employed at the Auburn Y. M. C. A.

Marion Kenniston, '20, is Principal of the Grammar School at Wells, Maine.

Dorothy Hutchins, '18, is employed with her father in the Atlantic and Pacific Store, Bethel.

Hazel Kenniston, '18, now Mrs. R. G. Blake, resides at White River Junction, Vermont.

Cleo Russell, once a member of the class of '01, holds the position of Postmaster at Bethel.

Friends of Mrs. Merton Soule (Bessie Stanley, '03) of Portland regret to learn of her husband's recent death.

The many friends of Dr. Winfield Wight, '13, extend their sympathy to him in the loss of his wife whose sudden death occurred in January at their home in Thomaston, Connecticut.

The Lewiston Journal, in speaking of the officers of the Sophomore class at Bates College, says: "The secretary is Miss Alice Eames of Bethel. She is a graduate of Gould's Academy and had a very brilliant career in that school. She is proctor of her dormitory, Chase House, thus filling a position of considerable responsibility and trust. She has been an active social worker, working particularly hard in the interest of the freshman banquet which the class held last spring. She would rank, high if not highest, in a popularity contest among the young ladies of the class."

The recent death of Mrs. Lula Cummings Hutchins of the class of 1911, brought sorrow to many hearts. Her husband, Howard Hutchins, died only last summer. Much sympathy is expressed for the families of these young people, who have left three little children, too young to know the meaning of their great loss.

Among the successful business men of the Gould's Alumni is A. S. Cummings, new General Manager of the large shoe factory in Lewiston owned by the J. L. Walker Co. After completing his work at Gould's, Mr. Cummings attended Bliss Business College. He has been employed as an expert accountant by the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co. of Bridgeport, Conn.; the James Bailey Co. of Portland, the Marine Hardware Equipment of South Portland and by the Holman Audit Co.

of Portland. He began his work with the J. L. Walker Co., in July, 1921.

At the Senior elections at Bowdoin College, Robert D. Hanscom, Gould's '19, was elected Secretary and Treasurer. We take the following from the Lewiston Journal:

Perhaps the most important of the Senior elections is the office of Secretary and Treasurer. Robert D. Hanscom of Bethel will hold that office for life. It is his duty to call all meetings of the class at reunions, to collect class dues, and to keep the classmates informed concerning each other after graduation. Hanscom is one of the leaders of his class and is a worthy occupant of the office. He was a member of the U. Q. Honorary Freshman society. He has played 'varsity baseball and basketball and has been Assistant manager of football. He is a member of the Y. M. C. A., Cabinet, the debating Council, and Ibis. Hanscom is a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

FOR YOU WHO LOVE HEROIC THINGS

For you who love heroic things

In summer dream or winter tale,
I tell of warriors, saints, and kings,
In scarlet, sackcloth, glittering mail,
And helmets peaked with iron wings.

They beat down Wrong; they strove for
Right.

In ringing fields, on grappled ships,
Singing they flung into the fight;
They fell with triumph on their lips,
And in their eyes a glorious light.

That light still gleams. From far away
Their brave song greets us like a cheer;
We fight the same great fight as they,
Right against Wrong; we, now and here;
They, in their fashion, yesterday.

—William Canton.



BOYS BASKET BALL

Our basket ball quintet played an up-hill game all the season, but finished strong, winning five out of the last six games played, including a victory over the fast Berlin outfit, which lost but two games in its entire season.

A jinx seemed to pursue the team. After getting away to a flying start, it went into a long slump. Sickness kept many of the veterans out of the lineup, and the prospects were discouraging at times, but the team "stuck to it," and finished the season with the creditable record of six games won and seven lost. Gould's amassed a total of 401 points to her opponents 333.

The first squad was composed of Captain Philbrook, Kiely, Goddard, Sweeney and W. Berry, forwards; M. Berry, center; and Bartlett, Thomas, Swan, Linnell, and Tyler, guards. Those winning their letter are Philbrook, M. Berry, Bartlett, Thomas, Swan, and Morse, Manager. At a meeting of the letter men, M. Berry was elected Captain for 1923-24.

Summary:

Gould's	70—West Paris	14
	13—Berlin	40
	32—Norway	38
	12—Bridgton Academy	20
	19—Westbrook High	25
	31—Gorham Normal	36
	26—Gorham Normal	33

49—Groveton	19
31—Groveton	3
22—Berlin	15
17—Norway	44
18—Mexico	15
61—Woodstock	31

Gould's 401—Opponents 333

Class Series.

In the class games played, the Sophomore team was the winner, with Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen following in the order named. Much good material has been discovered on these class teams from which to draw for the first team.

(GIRLS.)

Gould's was represented by a fast, smooth working girls team, which was on the winning end of three out of six games played, and which scored a total of 96 points to their opponents 90.

The Misses Beckler, Keddy and Dorothy Goodnow made up the team's offense, with Farris, Kimball and Eunice Smith as guards, and Brooks as center. Each of the above named girls won her letter.

Summary:

Gould's	9—Berlin	21
	7—Norway	6
	16—Norway	26
	23—Groveton	3
	16—Berlin	26
	25—Alumni	8
Gould's	96—Opponents	90

The girls' inter-class games have called forth a good demonstration of class spirit. The championship has not yet been won. It remains to be seen whether Seniors, Juniors, or Sophomores will carry off the laurels.

Hildred Keddy has been elected Captain of next year's team.

TRACK.

Although this is only the second year that track has been included in our athletics, we feel that we have a team which will do credit to the school. We base this assertion on the fact that, while our last year's team made a very creditable showing in its only meet, against Berlin, we have much better material this year as the following statement will show.

At the Second annual Inter-class Track Meet, held in the William Bingham Gymnasium on March seventeenth, a new record was established in every event. The Juniors were high point winners, with the Seniors, Sophomores and Freshmen following in the order named.

Gould's was represented at Brunswick in the Bowdoin Interscholastic Track Meet, held on March tenth, in which twenty-two schools, representing all parts of New England, competed. In the relay race which we were to have run against Leavitt Institute, we were forced, by a change in the schedule, to run both that team and one representing Coburn Classical Institute. While we easily outdistanced Leavitt, we were beaten by Coburn in one of the closest finishes of the afternoon. McCann tied for fourth place in the high jump, and we scored about twelfth among the twenty-two schools.

Waldo Peaslee is serving us as Manager and Rodney Bartlett, Captain of the track team.

BASEBALL.

The prospects are unusually bright for a winning baseball team this spring. In addition to the veterans remaining from last year's team,—Bartlett, Goddard, Captain Kiely, Linnell and Philbrook, there is plenty of good material to fill up the positions left vacant by graduation. The snow remained on so late that we were not able to begin practice until the second week in April. Thirty-two candidates have reported for practice, and there promises to be plenty of competition for every position on the team.

Manager Lauris Tyler has arranged the following schedule:

April 21—Norway at Norway.

April 25—Gorham at Gorham (pending.)

April 28—Mexico at Mexico.

May 2—So. Paris at Bethel.

May 5—Bridgton Academy at Bridgton.

May 9—Hebron Academy at Bethel.

May 11—Fryeburg Academy at Fryeburg.

May 16—Mexico at Bethel.

May 19—Dixfield at Dixfield.

May 23—Norway at Bethel.

May 29—South Paris at South Paris.

June 7—Alumni at Bethel.

It is good to have money
And the things that money can buy,
But it's good, too, to check up once in a
while
And make sure you haven't lost
The things that money can't buy.



Besides the several school papers acknowledged in our last issue we welcome the following:—

"The Caduceus," Norway High School, Norway, Maine.

"The Red and White," Sanford High School, Sanford, Maine.

"The Naulauka," Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine.

"The Leavitt Angelus," Leavitt Institute, Turner Center, Maine.

"The Nezinscot Wave," Buckfield High School, Buckfield, Maine.

"The Echo," Freedom Academy, Freedom, Maine.

"The Sedan," Hampden Academy, Hampden, Maine.

"The Academy Broadcast," Calais Academy, Calais, Maine.

"The Chronicle," South Paris High School, South Paris, Maine.

"The Stranger," Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Maine.

"The Corona," Bridgton High School, Bridgton, Maine.

Many of the above papers are issued only at Commencement time, so we can-

not comment on them now.

The following papers we welcome for the first time.

"The Meteor," Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.

"The Brewster," Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

"The Cony Cue," Cony High School, Augusta, Maine.

"Miller: "Do you know the slogan for the Laconia Street Railway?"

Flanders: "No, what is it?"

Miller: "Our tracks know no parallel."

"The Lakonian."

The Wrong House.

There was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady as she slammed the door.

"The Meteor."

1st. Student: "Where's Coach?"

2nd. Student: "He's over eating at the Lunch Counter."

1st. Student: "That's a good one. Who ever heard of anyone over-eating at the Lunch Counter?"

"The Cony Cue."

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Comes not from what we do or what we
know,

But dwells forever more in what we are.
—Henry Van Dyke.

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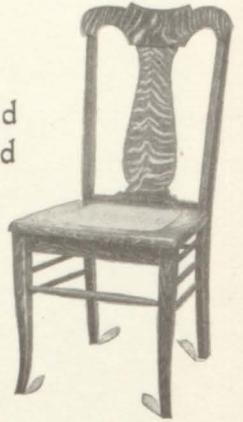
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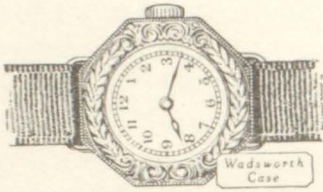
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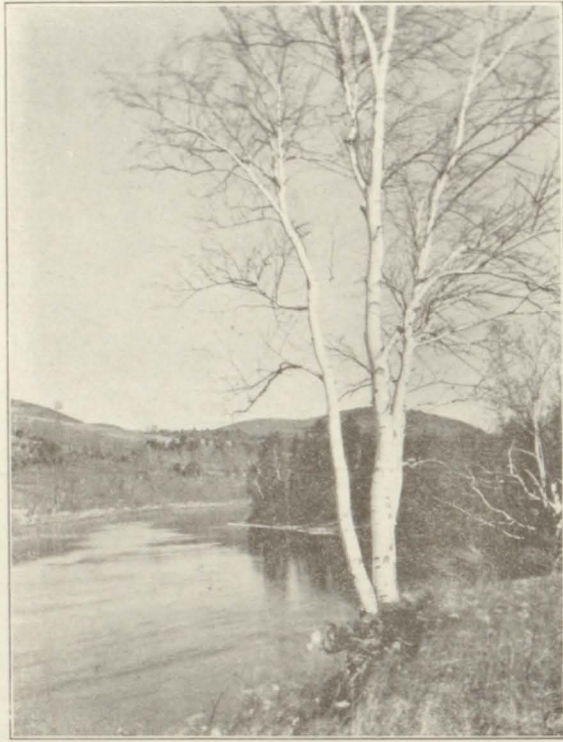
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